£1,875

OLD DAME TROT, *AND* HER COMICAL CAT.

Old DAME TROT,
Going to the Fair,
With her Cat on her ſhoulder,
To ſee the Folks there.

DAME TROT and her cat,
Sat down for to chat,
The dame fat on this fide,
And Pufs fat on that,
Pufs, fays the dame,
Can you catch a rat,
Or a mouſe in the dark?
Purr, fays the Cat.

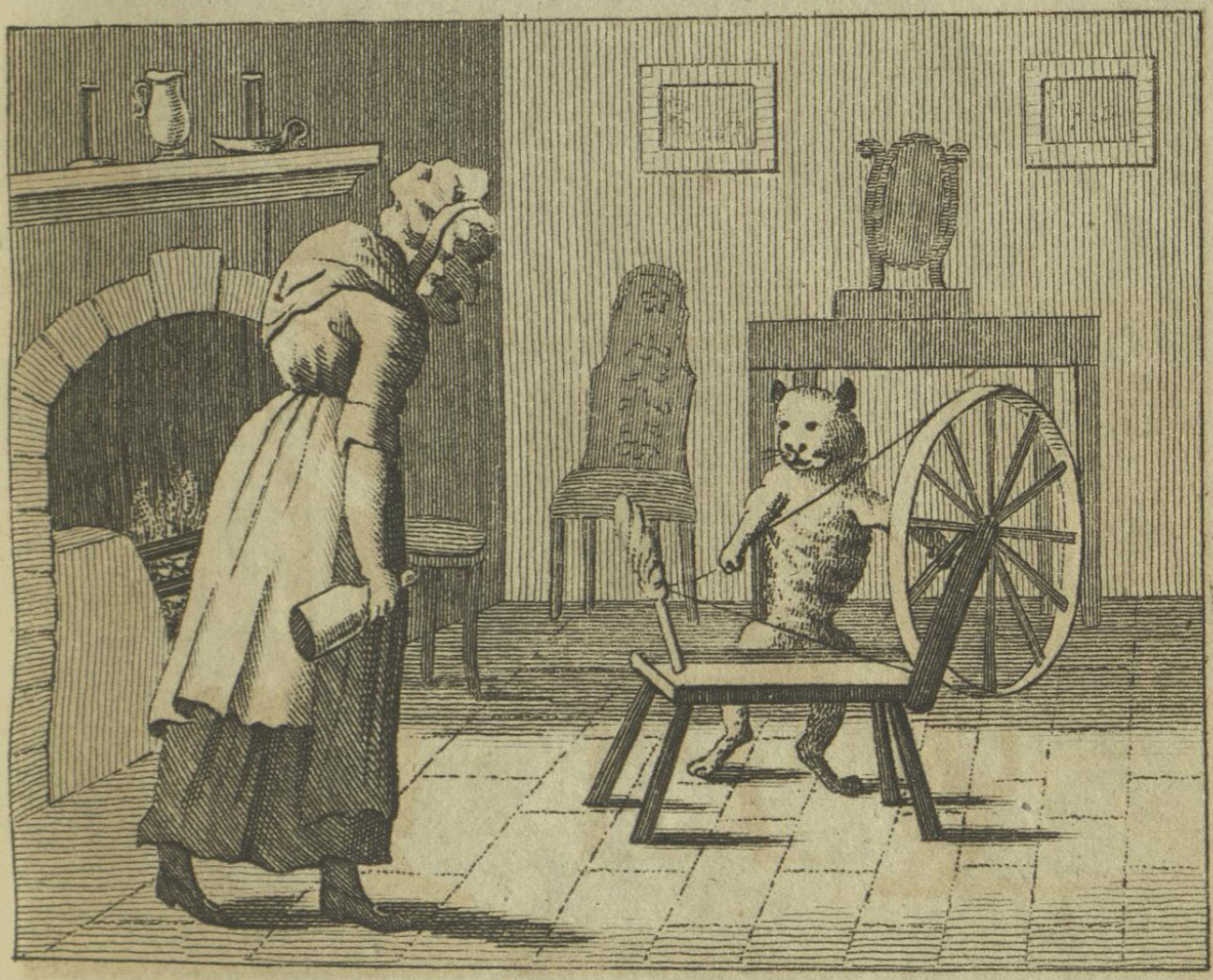
Old DAME TROT,
Some cold fiſh had got,
Which for puſſey,
She kept in ſtore,
When ſhe looked there was none,
The cold fiſh was gone,
For puſs had been there before.

She went to the butcher's,
To buy her some meat,
When she came back,
She lay dead at her feet.

She went to the undertaker's,
For a coffin and shroud,
When she came back,
Pufs sat up and mewed.

She trotted again,
To buy her some milk,
When she came back,
She was sewing of silk.

She went for ſome ale,
Becauſe ſhe was dry,
When ſhe came back,
Puſs was making a pye.



She trotted once more,
For brandy and gin,
When she came back,
She was sat down to Spin.

She went to buy apples,
And sugar and spice,
When she came back,
PUSS was fidling to mice.

She went to buy her
A new high-crowned hat,
When ſhe came back,
PUSS was killing a rat.

She went out to buy,
Cap, neck-lace and frock,
When she came back,
She was riding poor shock.

She went to buy ſlippers,
Made of Spaniſh leather,
When ſhe came back,
They were ſmoaking together.

The fire was out,
So she went for some fuel,
When she came back,
They were fighting a duel.

She went out for a fan,
As the weather was hot.
When she came back,
PUSS was whipping a Top.

She trotted once more,
To buy her a tart,
When ſhe came back,
PUSS was dreſs'd very ſmart.

You look nice now your dreſs'd,
Says little DAME TROT,
PUSS court'sy'd and mewed,
But further ſaid not.

FRONTISPIECE.

Here ev'ry little Girl and Boy may ſee
Dame Trot and fav'rite Puſs, a-drinking Tea.

A Continuation of *The Adventures* of OLD DAME TROT, and *HER COMICAL CAT.*

LONDON,
Published March 10th 1806, by J. Harris, Juvenile Library, corner of St Pauls Church Yard, and C. Knight, Windsor.

To

The unknown Author of the following lines & the sketches for drawings that accompanied them, this wonderful addition to the **Hubbardonian Collection**, is inscribed, by his obliged humble Servant,

March 1806. The Publisher

"I'll fetch my Friends," Dame Trot exclaims,
"To view your Clothes so new,
"For what avails such costly gear
If none there are to view.
But Puss turn'd up her nose at this;
For she with looks so sly,
Had independent schemes of bliss,
And other Fish to fry.

Now Trot would fain have ſhut the door,
To keep her Cat from ſlutting,
But nimbly ſhe thruſt forth her Paw,
And kept the door from ſhutting.
No ſooner was her Guardian gone,
Than down the Stairs Puſs ran,
And heedleſs e'en of paſsing Mice,
Her daring flight began.

She puff'd with joy when first she saw
The outside of the door,
Then tuck'd her skirts through pocket holes.
And stump'd the Gutters o'er.
At length she came before a House
(With feet inflam'd & sore)
Where Groom with Horses twain, had kick'd
Their heels, an hour or more.

Th impatient steed who wing'd for flight
With envious eyes Pufs saw,
And thought within her furry self,
"Necefs'ty has no Law."
Then prompt in action, up she flew,
And gain'd the vacant Seat,
Before the Groom's unconscious eye
Perceiv'd the wily feat.

As ſoon as ſhe was firmly fixt
Upon the Horſe, ſo glad,
She clapp'd her Claws into its ſide,
And Gallop'd off like mad.
Then gaping He with wonder great,
Her flight unuſual view'd,
He thought his Miſtreſs was in haſte,
So he in haſte purſu'd.

But Pufsey far outftripp'd the Groom,
In fpite of Summer's heat,
At length on ftopping at an Inn,
She vaulted from her feat.

The Landlord flew to meet his Gueft,
And thought that fhe muft be
So finely mounted & fo dreft,

He led her to an eafy Chair,
And brought her in a trice
A Bowl of Milk, regretting much
He could not offer Mice.

The Supper o'er, poor Puſs began
With ſleep to nod her head;
The Chambermaid then came with lights,
To ſhew her to her Bed.

The Landlady ſtood on the Stairs
To wiſh her a good night,
Puſs purr'd, & wiſh'd ſhe had the pow'r
Such kindneſs to requite.

Then up ſhe ſtepp'd with looks demure
To reſt her weary Pate,
When ſuddenly ſhe heard below

'Twas old Dame Trot, who when inform'd
Of Madam Puſsey's route,
With indefatigable zeal,
Had ſearch'd & found her out.

She came with Baſket in her hand,
Reſiſtance was in vain,
She ſeiz'd poor Puſs, then thruſt her in,
And trotted home again.

ARRIVAL AT HOME.

CHASTISEMENT.